

Stoike Oike

TOIKE OIKE, TOIKE OIKE, OIKE OIKE
SCHOOL OF SCIENCE, SCHOOL OF

UM TE CHAY
MURRAY, HURRAY.

Vol. 53

WEDNESDAY

DECEMBER 9

1959

No. 5



... a very Merry Xmas to all!



Margaret Ann Ware lights the Skule Cannon in a ceremony commemorating the Nurses' bloodgiving generosity. Photo by Harpur

Tree, Kids' Party Bring Skule Yule

Skule has, in the past, been criticized for its lack of spirit. However, Skule's contributions to the Christmas season are such that not even an artisan could find fault with them. First of all, Skule has its own Christmas tree to remind all of the season. It was set up in front of the Skulehouse last night under the direction of the Engineering Society. Again, this year the tree was donated by Dean McLaughlin.

Last year our Christmas tree did not remain with us for very long. We hope that everyone will be given the opportunity to admire this tree. After that, any potential tree choppers are welcome to relieve the Engineering Society of the task of removing the tree.

The Engineering Society will be sponsoring a Christmas party for boys from the University Settlement. The party will be held in Hart House on December 14. About thirty boys ranging in age from 12 to 15 years will attend the party. They will have dinner in the Great Hall followed by movies in the Music Room and then swimming and games. At the end of the evening each boy

will receive a hockey stick, a welcome gift for someone who might otherwise not have the opportunity of possessing a "non-essential" article. Members of the Engineering Society will help the Settlement staff entertain these boys.

Representatives from each Faculty were called to form a "Bring Christ Back into Christmas Society". This group has attempted to make the Campus more aware of the religious aspect of the Christmas holiday. Monday night a debate sponsored by this group was held in Hart House. The topic was "Resolved that Christmas be abolished as a religious festival". The debate was chaired by Dick Jones, I SPS.

Unfortunately Skule's major Christmas function seems to be the occurrence of tests of all description and final examinations. Along with the fact that many Skulemen leave Toronto at the close of the term, it is not possible to plan anything else. The Engineering Society wanted to throw a party for the whole school but it seems that this idea was not practicable. But it's the spirit that counts!

Kidnap Plot: Meds - Skule At War Again

On Wednesday, November 18, 1959, the never-ending war with the Medsmen erupted again as the Brute Force Committee kidnapped John Kenzora, Meds I, in retaliation for his decorations at various locations about the Engineering Building.

The clash came about when Kenzora began to boast about his exploits to three Engineers, with whom he rides to school. When these same loyal, true-hearted Skulemen reported their findings, the Brute Force Committee rolled into action.

At about 8:20 of the morning of November 18, Kenzora was met at the Skulehouse by about 25 B.F.C. men and other Engineers, who took him into custody, and held him with chains and handcuffs. Thinking that "it was all a big joke", Kenzora offered little resistance. While parading their captive around the block, the Skulemen were met by a counter-attacking group of about 25 Medsmen, whom they defeated handily. In the skirmish, Kenzora sustained minor wrist injuries caused by Medsmen pulling his handcuffs.

After the skirmish, Kenzora was returned to the Engineering Stores and kept under maximum security. Then he was clothed in dungarees and dirty T-shirt, chained to the radiator, and painted up with silver nitrate. After Frank Collins, Engineering Society President, had lectured him on the

(Continued on Page 3)

Halo For Godiva?

Recently when several second year Electrical types were asked by their landlady if they ever went to church at all they were quick to reassure her "Sure", they said, "we go to St. Godiva's Church right near the University" and thereby set her at ease.

This has a somewhat ironic ring as rumours have reached us that a movement to castrate (i.e. make a saint of) Lady Godiva, has sprung up on Campus as the result of a recent archaeological discovery in Merrie Olde Englede. The discovery of certain papers dating back to Medieval times in a gravel pit at Piltown has been hailed by Dr. Chomondeley-Neuman (England's Archaeologist Laureate) as "the greatest discovery since the Dead Sea scrolls."

Other archaeologists disagree vehemently with Dr. Chomondeley-Neuman ("Chomondeley" is pronounced "Chumley"), contending that the Piltown scrolls are obvious fabrications. They would hold, for instance, that the fact that the Piltown papers are written on the back of Engineering Lab. reports and were found in Acco-Press binders pretty well eliminates the possibility that they date from the middle ages. None the less we will absolve ourselves from all controversies and repeat the story in modern English.

Sir Giles Godiva sat in his castle, relaxing with a gin and tonic in front of a cheery fire and wondering where his wife, Lady Godiva was.

"Blast it," he said, "I wonder where my wife, Lady Godiva is. I wish that she'd come home and tend to this cheery fire, particularly since we don't have a fireplace."

A fearful clatter of hooves arose as Lady Godiva's horse careened around the corner. Lady Godiva (fully dressed) leapt gracefully from the saddle, picked herself up off the ground and rushed into the castle singing something about her father being a miner from the Northern Malamute.

"Blast it," Sir Giles said, "where have you been and where did you learn that song?"

"Oh," said Lady Godiva, "I've been down at the local pub having forty beers with some Engineers. They've just made up the song but they can't think of anything to put in the first two verses."

"Blast it, why must you spend all your time at low joints like Engineers' knees. Besides, as Chairman of the local Liquor Control Board I don't think you should drink with a bunch of under age students. It's against regulations, you know."

"Regulations, schmegalations," Godiva said. "I don't see why you and the other lords treat the peasants so cruelly. It's bad enough when you burn their houses, trample their grain and molest their women, but when you try to keep them from drinking, that's going too far."

"Blast it, that's absolute nonsense. We can do what we please with the peasants. Next week we're raising the price again."

"No, Giles, I won't let you do it. Raise the price of liquor and I shall ride through the streets of Coventry bareback."

"Blast it, you never use a saddle anyway."

"Yes, but this time I mean me, not the horse."

Well, as you can readily imagine, the news that Godiva was going to ride naked through Coventry electrified the populace. Householders along the route sold tickets, everyone dusted off their binoculars and oculists did a land office business.

At last the long awaited day dawned and Godiva rode through Coventry attired in nothing but waist-length blonde hair. But alas, no one watched her as she rode for wicked Sir Giles had threatened to tear up the liquor permit of anyone who so much as peeked. All day Godiva rode; not a stare, not a whistle did she receive, just a very bad, very extensive sunburn.

Actually, to say nobody looked at Godiva, is not strictly true. Peeping Tom, so called as a result of a conviction on a charge of peering into the windows of the women's residence at Trinity College Oxford, couldn't resist the impulse and looked. He was struck blind as a result, not due to supernatural means but merely owing to extremely high blood pressure on his retinas.

Sir Giles tore up Tom's permit as he had threatened. However, this was not the end of Tom's drinking days for Godiva had a brilliant idea. She got a set of saddle bags for her horse, took her liquor permit and bought liquor for all those who owing to the tyranny of the Liquor Control Board were unable to do so. This was the beginning of bootlegging as a public service.

Godiva, wherever you are, we love you.

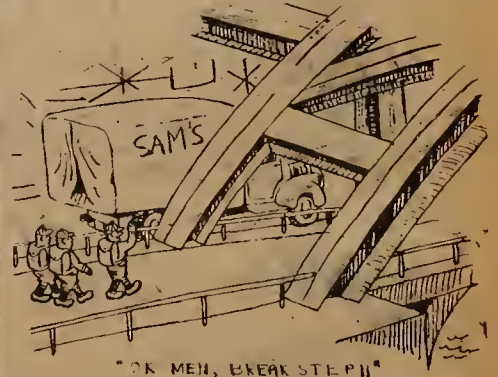
Free Tree HH, Dec. 17

In an atmosphere as festive as Christmas Day, students will sing carols and bear the story of Christmas at the annual Blue and White Christmas Tree party. On December 17th, 8:15 p.m., men and women from all the Faculties and Colleges of U of T will meet in the Great Hall, Hart House, to welcome Christmas in the traditional U of T fashion. Doug Maxwell, a Victoria graduate who now works for the CBC, will M.C. the entertainment which features the Hart House Glee Club and; perhaps, a visit from Santa, direct from SPS. President Claude Bissell and Hart House Warden Joe McCulley should make appearances too.

Free tickets for this gala event may be obtained from the SAC office between 12:30 and 1:30 (noon hour) on Monday, Dec. 14th.

One way of assuring yourself a ticket to the Blue and White Christmas Party is by attending the Invitation Dinner in the Great Hall at 8:15 p.m., on Dec. 17. If you would like to treat your lady friend to a delicious turkey dinner, you may obtain your Blue and White Christmas Tree tickets from the hall porter in Hart House. Those students who obtained tickets from the SAC office, and who wish to attend the Invitation Dinner may do so by leaving their names with the Hall Porter. After the dinner, Hart House will be open to all the students attending the party.

The Blue and White Christmas Tree Party is one of the most informal and most exciting events of campus life. To keep the informal atmosphere intact, chairs will not be provided, and students are requested to bring blankets to sit on. The perfect way to end the fall term and welcome the Christmas season, U of T style, is to join your friends at the Blue and White Christmas Tree Party.



MALE FORM SHEET

IF HE'S A FRESHMAN	SOPHOMORE	JUNIOR	SENIOR
He is interested in food, cars, sports, and girls, in that order.	He is interested in food, cars, girls, and girls, in that order.	He is interested in food, girls, girls, and girls, in that order.	He is interested in girls, girls, girls, and girls, in that order.
He gets home at 12:30 a.m. and says: "Hey! I'm sleepy!"	He gets home at 2:30 a.m. and says: "Hey, I'm sort of sleepy!"	He gets home at 4:00 a.m. and says: "Gee! It's still early!"	He gets home at 7:00 a.m. and goes out again.
He hates it but he smokes because all the other fellows do.	He doesn't mind it and he smokes because it keeps the flies away.	He likes it and he smokes because he likes it.	He hates it and he smokes because he can't stop.
He wears a beard to make him look wise and mature.	He wears a beard to make him look wise.	He wears a beard to keep his chin warm.	He wears a beard because that way you don't have to shave.
He says: "Milk shake, please!"	He says: "A small glass of wine, please!"	He says: "A large glass of wine, please!"	He says: "The bottle, please!"
He thinks: I'm going to make something of myself!	He thinks: I'm going to become someone!	He thinks: I'm going to be a somebody!	He thinks: What sort of product did I expect from raw material such as this anyhow?
He opens doors for girls, helps them on with their coats, and picks up the things which they drop.	He opens doors for girls, and helps them on with their coats.	He opens doors for girls.	Girls open doors for him.
He reads: 1. Organic Chemistry for Beginners. 2. Electronics Made Easy.	He reads: 1. Intermediate Organic Chemistry. 2. Electronics Made Harder.	He reads: 1. Advanced Organic Chemistry. 2. Electronics Made Terrible.	He reads: 1. Mad. 2. Pogo. 3. Almanac.
He shouts: "I live! Ah, wonderful life!"	He shouts: "I am! Ah life!"	He shouts: "I exist! Ah!"	He groans: "I vegetate. Phooey!"

Critical Look At Lunacy Skule Nite 6TO Superb

Skule Nite 6TO was an immensely enjoyable presentation of comedy, skits, dance routines, and musical arrangements. Hats go off to the two Bob's, Director Zarchchuk, and Producer Richardson for a job not well but tremendously well-done. Risking a knife in the back, this writer thinks the show was a vast improvement over its two immediate predecessors (I haven't seen any more).

One of the outstanding features of the show was the choreography directed by Arline Patterson and performed by an able troop of

Two skits however were very disappointing. One satirizing the Ed Murrow Show, entitled Peephole to Peephole, and another describing the mating habits of penguins at the south pole "Way Down Yonder", suffered immeasurably from a feeble script. The actors did their best but they lacked good material.

The chorus under the direction of ex-Skulehouse Fourer-Jim McKee was great. Specializing in their own renditions of old time favourites, the group was gay and entertaining. In true Skulehouse Four tradition, Jim had the group

Bashes Before Ball Skulemen Enjoy All

The reverberations from the biggest "BANG" of the fall social season, the CANNONBALL are just now subsiding. As in the past, Hart House was thrown open to the handsome Engineers and their beautiful (and fortunate) dates. It was a chance for the hard working, academically dedicated Skulemen to put aside his slide rule and become the fast talking, light footed, socially successful Skuleman.

The evening for some began at about 12:03 noon in the K.C.R. but for most, things didn't get rolling until about 7:30 p.m. when numerous cocktail parties and wine bashes (notably at Pres. Collin's) began to get Skulemen in the mood.

Shortly after nine things began to get rolling at Hart House. The was dancing in four rooms including the main gym where Ellis McClintock and his big band played traditional dance sounds (Silent Night - cha, cha, cha, etc.) Recognizing the versatility of the Engineers, the planners of the dance had music to suit everyone. For the country Skuleman there was square dancing in the East Common Room; for the Jiving Skuleman a Dixieland band, and for the Kool Skuleman, the way out sounds of the Billy Lea Quintet in the music room.

During intermission in the main gym, Lou Murphy kept the crowd laughing and acted as M.C. as door prizes were given away. At this time Mechanical Engineering was unanimously proclaimed winner of the intercourse competition for its mural depicting a satellite launching. The Lady Godiva band put Ellis McClintock to shame with its soul searching rendition of "the Saints" and this ended - I should say finished - the intermission.

The only black mark on the evening was the severe concussion suffered by a Medsman, who was struck on the head by one of the balloons which were released from above the dance floor. To add insult to injury, his date was hustled away by an alert Skuleman as he lay writhing in pain on the floor.

In spite of this incident, the dance carried on until one a.m., at which time the group adjourned, some Skulemen going to parties, but the majority heading straight home to hit the books for a couple of hours before turning in.

Meds Brawl

Continued from Page 2)

seriousness of his crime, Kenzora voluntarily signed a confession that he was truly sorry for his deeds, and was being well-treated by the Engineers. This confession was placed on the main bulletin board in the Skulehouse, and several copies were circulated throughout the Medical building. All this was quite legal under the Geneva Convention.

At noon-hour, Kenzora, accompanied by the Brute Force Committee and the Lady Godiva Memorial Band, was led around the Engineering Building, and diligently polished the plaques. When he was led onto the front lawn of the Medical building, it seemed that the battle would rage once more. But the docile Medsman naively watched, as the L.G.M.B. played their favorite song, and a mob of Skulemen belted out a "Toke-Oike" or two. Kenzora was then returned to the Skulehouse, where he learned and repeated the Skule yell in true initiation fashion. At approximately 2:30 p.m., Kenzora was released. Except for the silver nitrate markings, which he managed to bleach off several days afterward, and his swollen wrists, suffered at the hands of his fellow Medsman, Kenzora appeared in an extremely healthy condition.

In other news from the front, Frank Cerepy succeeded Gerry Twinn as Chief of the Brute Force Committee when Twinn was unable to find time for the job due to other commitments.

Joek Lyons,
War Correspondent

One Blitz With Pink Slip Quarters And A Sweater

(This is a tale of hard luck, so if you don't want to read it, don't). On Monday afternoon, November 30, I trudged through the front door of Hart House to get my neck bled at the tonsorial palace. This venture turned out to be my big mistake.

As the door closed behind me, gubby fingers clutched my throat, and I marched me towards the Great Hall, forged my signature. I—poor, miserable soul that I am—became a canvasser for "The Great Expansion Drive." O, the joy of it!

Oh, the free dinner! (I thought soup lines were a thing of the past.)

Oh, the future doctors! (Enough to make anybody sick.)

Oh, the chance to spend a whole winter night at the North Pole, knocking on igloos, to ask for pittances!

Oh, the chance to help some future member of the rock and roll generation get a University education.

Oh, hell!

After enduring many speeches from notables pleading with us to "Bring home a Bagfil", and unending loud screaming and yelling, I, along with other slaves, was herded onto a bus with perhaps the queerest springs known to man, and subjected to many lewd songs. Finally, I was forced from it at the coldest corner in Toronto, in a district boasting the highest unemployment in the country. It would do Honest John proud.

What a surprise! At the first door upon which I knocked, I found myself confronted by a vision in a pink slip. Considerably warmed by the friendliness of the natives, I took the bill she held out to me in one hand, replaced it with one of the handy propaganda sheets supplied in the handy kit (useful in any emergency) and some paper clips to play with, and left, leaving behind the most bewildered look I have ever received. I slowly proceeded to knock on fifty doors in succession, with no success but the telephone number of a tall, dark

honey in a tight yellow sweater who contributed two bis. (It wasn't payday, she said).

After an interminable wait at the corner where the "bus" was supposed to meet us, we tried to hi-jack another bus (one that looked as if it might be able to move) at a nearby restaurant, when the driver disappeared for coffee. The expedition failed, but our dog cart arrived, and we are returned to an army barracks to await our fate. Here I ran into several classmates, who had met similar experiences and we escaped to the comforts of the K.C.R. to regain our senses and console each other. Nurses from the Toronto General Hospital were recruited to bolster our battered ego, and after a few more free beers, (courtesy of the Third Year Mechanical Engineering's sale of timber design manuals) a tarring plan was formed. One of our members sacrificed a draught, which was then stowed in a briefcase. (How come it was mine?) taken back to the Drill Hall and presented to a payola peddler who was doing his show from a trailer parked inside. What was supposed to be a dance had started, and I took the opportunity to escape the arty types and the cenga, etc. and returned to a warm room in a warm house, nursing.

No paper clips.
One stinking briefcase.
One body saved from freezing by the generous bending of my right elbow (face too).
One telephone number of a tall, dark honey in a tight yellow sweater.

Mom and Dad:
Need more money desperately. Send immediately.

Love, Claude.

Amy:
Have joined the army. Will write you from boot camp.

Love, Sam A.

Join us tonight at the Steak'n Burger.

Hostesses.



Diane Bushell and Gerry Irwin rehearse for "Peephole to Peephole".

Photo by Stabins

lovelies including the perennial members, the Bolicky sisters, Muriel and Bernie, and Miss Varsity, Marjorie Chapman. One number, Beat Fever, was a soul-searching dance by a real beat beat group. It had all the atmosphere of Greenwich Village early Sunday morning.

Integrated throughout the programme were a number of entirely amusing satirical skits. One of the best was the show's closing number, Robin Hood in which Tom Reider, and Sheriff of Nottingham, John Coggins ran enjoyably through the story of a modern robber of the rich who deals exclusively in supermarket trading stamps.

Another was a spoof of TV detective dramas Choosing identifiable material from the popular shows (e.g. answering service girl, Tanya; in a shower, no less, and theme 77 Queen St. W.) the skit dealt with a typical "one of those girls from Loretto College", a scheming socialite and her villainous husband. Detective Bill Taras and heroines Mildred Estona and Annette Migler played their parts effectively.

out for an encore. (It was deserved, but somehow I got the impression it was their routine no matter how the audience would react.)

The Skule orchestra, Gord Staples and his thirteen man boiler factory, was good. However their chief quality did appear to be loudness rather than harmony at several points in the programme.

The highlight of the show was a simple skit on the American missile projects, German scientist, Chuck Weir, and radio interviewer, Ziggy Parkin had the audience roaring with laughter during the entire routine. Its sly drop at the attitude of the German rocketeers now working in the States and at the success of their programmes are classics. A record should be made of this number; it would sell.

All in all, Skule Nite 6TO was an excellent evening's entertainment. Again congrats to those prominent behind the scenes: Zarchchuk, Richardson, and Young. Next year's crew will have a tough time topping or even equalling the job.



Back-stage crew watches with interest the goings-on during rehearsal of 6TO Skule Nite.

Photo by Stabins

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Devoted to the interests of the undergraduates of the
Faculty of Applied Science
Published every now and then by the Engineering Society
of the University of Toronto

Opinions expressed are not necessarily those of the
Engineering Society or its officers

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M
A
&
D

Skule Sculpture

Art is successful as a medium of expression when the thoughts of the artist are communicated through his work to another person.

If the above criterion be accepted, then the showing of sculptures in the Back Room of the Stores Gallery was entirely successful from a non-objective point of view. These objects d'art by certain members of the class of 671 Chemicals have much to offer the casual viewer although some of their embryonic forms lack the feeling of completion.

One piece, by Stan Miller, fills the soul with sorrow and reaches the depths of despair. Called "Aftermath", it consists of twenty-four broken beer bottles swept into a neat pile in one corner of the gallery. Its jagged edges cut deep into the soul of any full-blooded Engineer.

Another sculpture by John Odell involves a number of ladders hideously twisted and forming obstacles for one another so that they cannot be climbed. Mr. Odell appropriately entitles this piece "Frustration". Another of Mr. Odell's sculptures resembles a worn out truck tire, and is

mysteriously called "Back Home".

One of the most popular pieces in the display was produced by Ian Moore who accidentally spilled a tub of partially hardened concrete in the Gallery. He calls his masterpiece "Ogry in A Minor". This sculpture may best be described as a solid interpretation of a violent musical fluid flow in the turbulent range. God bless Father Freud and his Merrie Men.

How disappointed I was when I learned that a display of white packets piled up like towers to symbolize man's reaching for higher goals were really Christmas cards on sale in the Skule Stores!

Although the casual viewer may feel that these gems of Canadiana are abstract in the extreme, a little thought coupled with a touch of Freudian symbolism reveals that these sculptures represent very intimate and very human situations. Here, in the field of sculpture, the Engineers have shown themselves as versatile as any alcoholic group (collectively speaking) could be. They have captured the very essence of our existence in concrete, wood and beer.

M. A. & D. Calendar

23 Jan., 8 P.M. — Amateur art contest featuring water colours — Hart House pool.

30 Feb., 1 P.M. — There will be a hanging of modern art by contemporary Campus artists — Hart House Gallery.

31 Feb., 1 P.M. — There will be a hanging of contemporary Campus artists — Front Campus.

31 Feb., 2 P.M. — There will be hanging of ——— aoggggh.

MUSIC

1 Jan., 0.01 A.M. — Stanislaus Poniatowsky and his Hawaiian Five and a Half will present a bagpipe rendition of selections from Madame Butterfly — Eylon Auditorium.

1 April, 1 P.M. — The world-famous Lady Godiva Memorial Band will play Tchaikovsky's 1812 Overture, with help from the Hart House carillon and the Skule Cannon.

1959 — Every day, nine to five — Frantic jam session of Beat music with percussion instruments — center of University Ave. All year — Every Monday, Wednesday and Friday (more or less) — Concert of assorted wind instruments emanating from basement of S.A.C. building.

DRAMA

31 Nov., 7 P.M. — Stage version of 'Lady Chatterly's Lover' (unabridged) — Cress Theatre.

All year — Every three weeks — Toike Staff presents 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' — Back room of stores.

1 Dec.-24 Dec. — 'The Battle of Waterloo' — Cast of thousands — Eaton's Basement.



The above is one of Amadeus's more popular works. It is entitled "Lonely Lichen", and is mainly a mood-creation. Amadeus struggled for years on this particular piece, experimenting with several different photo-elastic plastics.

Photo by Middleton

shakespeare shoos

As every well cultivated person is aware, Shakespear, in his insidious campaign of fur of this rather mundane play would be beneath the excerpt from one of Shakespeare's lesser-known but

Lab's Labour

Philoxenus—a learned judge.

Hassan Ben Olaf von Wu Ling—a lab demie.

Laesipodius—flunky to Philoxenus.

Hyacinthus Zabowski—noted scribe and purveyor of duff

gen.

Francus

Ernestius

Ichtyas ("Ichy")

students.

Divers demies and unkempt, wild-eyed Skulemen.

SCENE I—A CHAMBER IN NOGOODE HALL

Enter two attendants, bearing Hassan on a sharp rail.

HASSAN:

Out, out brief butt (flicking last smoke away)

O Most Exalted One, mercy I do beseech thee.

On bent and dirt-stained prayer bones.

Hearken to the beating of these toothless gums.

Temper thou thy justice with mercy.

I've sinned, 'tis true, against my fellow man,

But thou wouldst not do this unto a dog!

PHILOXENUS:

Silence, scurvy knave. Oh, most sorry day

That thou didst do this deed.

Knowest thou that thy crime and purpose

Is the most heinous on record, in that thou

Didst put a slug in ye men's Can at Union Station?

List' ye to yon ravening horde of Recaps without.

Thy choice . . . and quick!

Wilt take the punishment of this court?

HASSAN:

Wug.

PHILOXENUS:

Ho, Laesipodius, seize him! But soft,

Finish thy sport of the freckled sugars ere thou leavest,

Then take yon wretch from before my-nauseated eyeballs!

See that he serves his frightful sentence,

Even seven long months a lab demie at U. of T.

May Bacchus have mercy on his black soul.

Hit the road.

SCENE II—THE ELECTRICAL LAB

Enter Hassan, upon even a sharper rail, crying "He jest

at scars that never felt a wound", and is thereupon

issued an "E" rubber stamp (ye mark for ye day

and is hurled into the midst of unkempt, wild-eyed

Skulemen.

FRANCUS:

Ho, Ernestius, lend me your old lab.

I come to finish 133, not to yank.

The good that men do lives after them

In the form of old reports.

(Hassan appears)

But soft, what figure through yonder portal lurches?

It is a demie, the first I have seen this morn.

HASSAN:

I have been joed.

FRANCUS:

He speaks.

O, speak again, bright angel! For thou art

As welcome as a wattmeter reading in a chaotic circuit.

Thou fleet-footed messenger of gen!

O thou, whose hair liest all below thine ears,

Take up thy pen and record a minor accident.

interpretisnik

Ed Chaffer Reports

AMADEUS STEEL is one of the foremost pioneers of a new and revolutionary art. This art comes from an old and revered engineering craft,

which, thanks to the impetus of young creative geni, such as MR. STEEL, JOHN BRONZE, and VRONDL PLASTIC, has received a new direction of purpose. Some of their work, such as VRONDL's "Woman and Child", are not so well-done but on the whole this movement of "Interpreters" as they call themselves is equalled by any in knowledge.

We visited Mr. Steel who lives in a small laboratory in the bottom of the Electrical Building and spoke to him about his creations. At once

he stressed that he was not a craftsman, but an artist of deep sensitivity and receptiveness.

Briefly the essence of the art of "interpretisnik" is the creating of stress-strain canvases by means of photo-elastic methods. Vrondl, who dropped in at this point with Mr. Bronze (call him BR for short), emphatically stressed the change which "interpretisnik" has caused on the evaluation of stress-strain diagrams. The creation of canvases calls for a fantastic amount of knowledge and an infallible memory. Conditions of former experiments are known from publication to have resulted in certain

A Christmas Thought

As another term rapidly draws to a close, we approach the time of the year popularly known as the holiday season. It has become an occasion of expanding commercialism and excessive merry-making. Such extremes are inappropriate for this season. Let us pause and recall the origin and purpose of these celebrations.

The "holidays" centre around the Christian feast of Christmas. To Christians, this day has a special meaning, but it is often clouded by the secular hustle and bustle of the season. We have often heard it expressed that there is too much religion at the north end of the campus and too little at the south. Whether one agrees with this statement or not, he must surely sense that there is too little at Christmas all over this continent. Let us recall the true purpose of Christmas.

Almost two thousand years ago, a child was born in a humble stable at Bethlehem. This man, the God-man, our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ, preached to his disciples the tenets of a religion different from that of the Old Law. Christianity is based on the love of a man for God and neighbour and a consequent spirit of self-sacrifice.

The feast of Christmas commemorates His birth. Consequently, it is a time of rejoicing for all Christians. Unfortunately, sensual means of promoting "joy" have become the vogue at Christmas. True happiness may be attained by a recalling of the significance of the first Christmas and a resulting thanking of God for His providence.

The turkey, the plum pudding, the cordial and the gift from Uncle Al all belong to the enjoyment of Christmas. They are desirable if kept in their places. Enjoy Christmas but make it a truly happy occasion by not neglecting its religious origin and purpose.

The Toike Oike heartily wishes to all its readers a holy and a happy Christmas and successful New Year.

75%?

A little more than a week ago several hundred engineers canvassed from door to door participating in the student "blitz" for the U. of T. expansion fund. It was not too tasteful a chore in many instances but most students did not regret having volunteered.

Only about twenty-five per cent of our faculty turned out. Where were the seventy-five per cent? If there was ever a deserving cause for enlisting every student's aid, this was it. This drive was for our students' benefit, not for the Red Cross, the United Appeal, WUS or a thousand other organizations we are called upon to help; it was for us. True, most now attending the U. of T. will not share in the long term projects being planned, but we will benefit from many of its immediate programmes, the new Engineering Building being the classic example.

Noticeably absent were a great many scholarship holders. These people receive the most from this University, an excellent education and at expense less than the majority of the students must bear. Are their academic pursuits so difficult and time-consuming that they cannot afford one night to show their gratitude for it?

To those who volunteered go a hearty congratulation and thanks for a job well-done; to those who didn't go a sincere wish that they give some sober thought to relation with this university.

Ag NO₃

Recently Skule used a Medsman's artistic ability to demonstrate SPS prowess. Glad to hear it. But then, for the same men of prowess to sink so low as to paint Mr. Kenzora's face with silver nitrate is a shame. Sure the loyal men and true were having fun, but they managed to overlook a small detail. The small detail is this; that had Mr. Kenzora struggled, not knowing with what he was being decorated, his eyes might quite easily have received a liberal dose of silver nitrate, which as we all know, is not exactly conducive to good eyesight. Please, men, THINK.

e shook

erson is aware, Shakespeare's "Macbeth" is now being performed at the
s campaign of furthering culture on this campus believes that a review
ld be beneath the cultural level of Skulmen. Herewith we present an
s lesser-known but highly imaginative works.

hour Lost

Ernestius, Ernestius, wherefore art thou, O derelict?
Thou hast the circuit diagram, and we are lost!

HASSAN:
This was the noblest Skulmen of them all!
No greater love hath a mgn than this,
That he traceth a hot circuit for his friend.

ITCHYAS:
Ha, sayest thou so?
No matter, Hassan, we may use him yet
And thou canst not have the body until later.
Alas, poor Ernestius! I knew him, Hassan;
A fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent taste in grog.
He bath borge me home a thousand times.
His earthly clay may serve a purpose in death.
That was ill fitted in life. Perhaps he hath resistanee.
[He chortles, disentangling the lifeless, twitching frame
from the experiment, in parallel with an old kitchen
sink.]

HASSAN:
See, how a twenty-sixer leans upon his lip.
O, that I were a pocket upon that hip,
That I might touch that jug!
A thousand times farewell, now cracks a noble heart.
Thou hast cooked thy last report.
[Enter the Ghost of Faraday.]

ITCHYAS:
How dim grows the light! What comes here?
Methinks this ghostly apparition
Is but a result of too little sack-time
Or the power cutoff hath advanced an hour.
What art thou? Some avenging bookie or demie,
That makes my blood run cold?
Hassan, Frankus—Seest thou this before me?

GHOST:
I am Faraday's spirit,
Doomed to sulphurous and tormenting flames
Because of elots as thou.
[Seeing Ernestius]
O sorry fate, thou potentially charged flesh,
That was once of life and joy.
Alas, there is a circuit in old Cook and Carr
Which properly connected will give good results,
Omitted, all readings in yon mess
Are bound to be duff gen or cooked
On such a foul experiment are we now embarked.
This above all, to thine circuit be true
And it must follow, as hangover the grog,
Thou canst not then get any less than "C".
Farewell, my blessing season this in thee.
[Exits]

ITCHYAS:
'Tis gen well spoken
Parting is such sweet sorrow
That I could listen to thy yakking till it be morrow
[Aside]
Perchance you ammeter which,
With unmoving pointer and glassy stare,
Doth tell us naught, is wrong and its lead
Should be elsewhere and not on the radiator.
Ah, this too solid flesh of Ernestius
Hath ruined our test.
Evasive gen.
[Exeunt demies and Skulmen]

ik Reports On New Style Of Art

patterns. This is, of course, dependent on the plastic in use.
The intricate knowledge of former experiments enables these supremely intelligent artists to combine different situations to form the canvas. All three men stressed that the challenge lay in knowing what they wanted to depict, be it a landscape or a mood, and then in creating it. This, they suggest, is a definite return from the modernistic, incomprehensible painting of triangles, squares, etc. to the Renaissance period of painters. Upon our question regarding the titles of several recent canvases, Vronul Plastic explained to us in detail the obvious quality of evidence, in "interpretisnik", a wonderful new art. These three artists and especially Amadeus, are exhibiting at the SLANG-ROBETTS galleries Sunday afternoons. This muddled art is of course exhilarating for people capable of wrestling with abstract ideas. The afternoon spent at Mr. Steel's lab was interesting but fatiguing. The cameras used to record the canvases can, of course, be used for other purposes in the atelier. At this moment, a troupe of models arrived to help Amadeus in his creative efforts. Interpretisnik is indeed a noble and cultural offspring of a practical science.

TSO ... so ... so

Phantastic Philharmonic

Ivan Sokolnikoff, concertmaster of the Hamburger Blatzband last night was guest artist and conductor of the Toronto Symphony Orchestra. Although the musicians and their director gave a performance far indeed from technical perfection, we left Massey Hall that night with the conviction that whatever was lacking in the mechanics of the music was more than overshadowed by the subtlety of the interpretation and the depth of the nuances. Indeed, the sheer beauty of the lyric passages of the Convergio period in classical music which occurring between May and September of the year 1789 has never been more beautifully brought out.

The first piece performed by the orchestra was a solo by the oboist, Mr. Kirehoff. This piece, simply called "A" is thought to have been written by an obscure reed blower called Pan. Mr. Kirehoff outdid himself last night by holding the note for a period of 57.1 seconds, breaking his old record of 56.8 seconds. The rest of the orchestra joined in only half heartedly, and it is to the oboist alone that credit must be given for this splendid performance.

"Fully conceived perfection" characterized the next offering: Fourier's *Cosinio*

Sine Serisio. The first movement, *tutti con fruttu*, was played perhaps just a little too swiftly. It is indeed unfortunate that the harpist fell a number of bars behind the regular orchestra and finished 45 seconds after the rest. The second and third movements, *allegro* and *schizoprenio* passed without incident. Even allowing for the initial trepidity of Mr. Sokolnikoff, the character of this impressive piece of music was rather lost prematurely. We hope that a little more practice will improve the group.

Mrs. C. C. Krieger, lately of the Conservatory, gave a stirring rendition of Paggi's *Lineale Equacionne Con Constante Coeffizita*. This aria, taken from his opera, *Differenzio Equacionne*, is somewhat longer than the other solos and commands severe physical demands on its performer. Mrs. Krieger showed her true artistic ability in her almost flawless performance. The only blot on the cadence occurred during the tragic deportation scene, in which the heroine, Donna Izabella, is forcibly parted from her lover, the handsome Don Jose Antonio Primo de Revere. Unknown to either of them, the Don has eaten a poisoned pizza pie, adulterated by the jealous Count Ciprietti, who tries this in des-

peiation after failing to inmolate the Don with an overdose of A. M. & D. reviews. The Donna, overcome with grief, sings this haunting aria to the accompaniment of two flutes, a French horn and half a dozen bagpipes. Near the end of the aria, Mrs. Krieger was required to hit high B flat and to sustain it for a period of over 15 but not less than 20 seconds. Usually this is accomplished with the aid of the first violin who sneaks out of the orchestra pit and gives the Donna a sharp pinch on the fleshy part of the thigh. Unfortunately, he must have hit an unusually sensitive part, for Mrs. Krieger went two octaves too high, shattering the great chandelier hanging above Massey Hall, which subsequently fell, killing two patrons and maiming eleven others. In the melee that followed, the bagpipes mysteriously disappeared. They are thought to have been taken by five freshmen engineers from Queen's who were seen leaving during the intermission.

And, incidentally, the janitors in Massey Hall should be replaced. The temperature, a chilly 61 degrees was much too distant from the optimum performance temperature of 68 degrees (20°C).

Thirteen Clots From Coventry

In spite of a few moments of discomfort, (probably due to the fact we had our shorts on backwards) we left Saturday evening's concert by the LGMB with a happy feeling, probably due to the fact we spent Saturday afternoon at the KCR.

We noted that some of the members of the ensemble seemed to be having difficulty with their instruments, even when conscious. One individual in particular, who seemed to be in charge of a device resembling a tuba with the addition of a maze of piping leading off to other band members, played every note flat. This, we feel, was not entirely his fault as the horn was full of IPA.

In the absence of John Coggins, band leader, who was last seen horseback riding in High Park with a lady wearing long blonde hair, the band was conducted by Dr. Boyd Niel on loan from the Hart House Orchestra. Dr. Niel's conducting left nothing to be desired and his formal attire was impeccable (a blue tuxedo with "Engineering" in gold letters on the back).

It was in the latter part of the show, however, that we really enjoyed ourselves. We fell asleep. Upon awakening, however, we found that all was not lost; still two numbers left to be performed.

The next number was a vocal one, sung by

three young ladies from the St. George Mansions Apartments who gave a spirited rendition of that old sea chantey "Columbo" (see Bawdy Songs and Backroom Ballads, Volume Two). The only imperfection we could find in this performance was when one of the girls (the one in the middle) fell into the tuba and swam around singing "Ebb Tide".

Some members of the audience commented on the tone of the large bass drum. Such criticism is perhaps unwarranted, particularly when one takes into account the inevitable diminishment in acoustical qualities when a drum has shelves installed and is filled with bottles.

The program closed with a superb rendition of the Engineering hymn, a performance which brought tears to one's eyes and a frog to one's throat. Seldom has such enchanting delicacy caressed the rafters of the old Great Hall.

Odds Against Tomorrow

This movie is indicative of the current trend toward deeper psychological probing of the sick mind. Director Robert Wise has managed to achieve, through expert handling of actors and technique, an insight into the constant struggle of man against his environment. The viewer immediately comes to grips with the message that this film is attempting to communicate.

The plot is relatively simple. It takes the form of a cop-and-robber roundabout, which appears as an endless wild chase that ends with a big bang. The acting is adequate, although it was rather a shame that actor Harry Belafonte had to be blown into a million pieces as a suitable nemesis. The background music was up to par.

It is none of these attributes, however, that make this a film worth seeing. Its true worth lies in the psychological aspect as previously indicated. It appears that the cause of the whole mess in the first place was nothing more than a fire hydrant. It takes a discerning mind to realize this, of course, but once the preliminary idea has affixed itself in the viewer's mind, the full effect follows in full force. The film opens with a dramatic view of a fire hydrant. This is immediately followed through with a close-up of the hydrant that simply reeks with symbolism. This theme is carried on throughout the whole movie. For example, the bad boys case a small town bank from their window when their gaze comes to rest on that symbolic demon, or perhaps it should be demonic symbol? Later on one of the villains strolls past a car parked illegally in front of a hydrant. That gives the general situation at least.

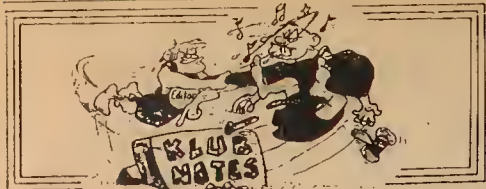
WHOA Whoas

The venerable orchestra group, the WHOA has finally given up the ghost. Financial troubles, besieging the group since its conception, at last forced its director, Dr. Boyd Niel, to disband it.

"It doesn't really matter much," Boyd was quoted as saying. "I've found a much better group over at that engineering school. Never have I heard such balance, such lyrical expression, such technical brilliance as is displayed by the Lady Godiva Memorial Band."

Members of the orchestra are as yet uncertain of their future. At least two of them have applied for membership in the L.G.M.B. Mr. Coggins, head bandsman, said in a statement: "I don't wish to discourage former members of the WHOA or any other orchestra from applying to the L.G.M.B. but I feel I should warn all applicants that our standards are exceptionally high and it is a talented musician indeed whose sensibilities and capacity are great enough to warrant a seat in our ensemble."

It is rumoured that Eirem Kurtz and Hyman Goodman are planning to record all nine symphonies of Mr. Coggins. These records, soon to be released on the Dot label, will feature The L.G.M.B. and the Skulmen, accompanied by Maria Callas — vocalist, Aristotle Onassis — yachtist, and the Soviet Army Chorus and band.



Mechanical

The Cannonball was its usual success. The highlight of the evening was the presentation to the Mechanicals of first prize for the best mural in the competition.

The mural showed a satellite about to be launched by the Skule cannon. Peering out of the satellite were Profs. Hooper and Hughes who were preparing to take their probe "Conquest" into orbit flying the flag of the Royal Canadian Yacht (Club.) (Hooper and Hughes own the yacht "Conquest" at the R.C.Y.C.) Prof. Jones, nattily attired in tuxedo trousers, operated the computer, while "J. Omega" Smith consulted his book on dynamics. Professor Wallace aimed the cannon, but Prof. Leutheusser had the telescope trained on the Toronto General Hospital's Nurses' residences, with a most spectacular view. Prof. MacIntosh operated the refreshment facilities, as Dr. Lord, head of Mechanical Engineering, laughingly prepared to light the fuse. At the base of the cannon was a wreath inscribed "In Lord We Trust" and a copy of Toike Oike headlined "Ball Blasts Off, Mechanicals Lead Again."

The mural was more effective, since actual photographs of the professors were used for the faces. Third year Mechanicals did the art work, egged on by the janitors and the demis. After the dance, the mural was recovered and reappeared Monday afternoon in the Mechanical lounge.

Third year presented the mural to Dr. Lord to dispose of, and Dr. Lord announced that the staff would hang it in their common room.

"Mechanicals Lead Again".

M. & M.

Last Monday at 1 p.m. the guest speaker at the club's general meeting was Mr. Crawford, director of technical personnel at International Nickel Co. During the meeting Mr. Crawford showed one of his company's latest films on the refining of copper. The Chemical Club was invited to this meeting since International Nickel is interested in Chemical engineers as well as those from mining, metallurgy, and geology.

At the next general meeting in January, Mr. B. S. Crocker, formerly of Lakeshore Mines and now with Kilborn Engineering will present a paper on pebble grinding. Mr. Crocker did much of the pioneer work concerning pebble grinding at Lakeshore Mines.

Electrical

The Electrical Club's annual Fall Brawl was held Thursday, December 3 at the Embassy Club. We sang to Mike's banjo-uke and danced till the wee hours. The staff members appeared to enjoy themselves as much as we did. Marg and Jan were on hand to provide additional glamour—wow! wow!

With the exception of fourth year, the fellows seemed cowed by school work, although some spirit was shown during the initiations and field trips. The boys don't seem to be electrifying anybody. We hope the hockey and stag during the second term arouse more interest.

The fourth year record is worthy of note, however. Zack,

as Director, Ernie Umbriaco, and Ron Belet (along with Bill Taras from third year adding the garlic) contributed to a wonderful Skule Nite. The field trip took the energy from the extroverts but the Waverley Hotel's 50c lunches (the He-man's two beers, four sandwiches, or for those with zesty appetites, three beers, one sandwich) have worked wonders in restoring us. With Christmas exams right around the corner, the club will be closing shop for a couple of weeks. To all the fellows from the Joe boys, Merry Christmas!

Civil

After the large turnout for the two short films on Nov. 25, the club now presents two new events for this week. Today at 1 p.m. in C-128 the club will show a 50 minute (we hope) colour film on the Trans-Canada highway. Tomorrow evening, Thursday, Dec. 10th, all civil students, graduates, and staff are invited to the first General Meeting of the year. The meeting will be held in the Debates Room of Hart House from 8 to 10 in the evening. The guest speaker will be Mr. Hinton, Vice Pres. of Perini Construction Co. Mr. Hinton will speak on Contracting as a career and following his talk refreshments will be served. There is a limited capacity, so be early.

Eng. Phys.

November 3, the fourth year left for its field trip to Ottawa, Montreal, and Quebec. The only impression I got of Ottawa was rain, and too much Chinese food—I'd like to know more about that girl in the red dress too. The town is up to its ears in scientific efforts. Montreal takes a lighter view of life, and I understand Mr. Steinberg is practising a lecture series on his experiences. Unfortunately, by the time a few of us got to Quebec, there was only time for a quiet tour guided by "Frenchy" Fromovitz and our visit to Carde. We also took in on the trip AEC, NRC, DRTE, GSC, NEC, Canadair, Pratt-Whitney, a CIL lab, and a few other hotbeds of earnest endeavour.

Industrial

Things have been busy in Course 4 throughout all years. Fourth year "Busmen" are well on the road to recovery after their field trip to Montreal and points East. Third year is awaiting a trip through the Industrial Engineering Department of Goodyear rubber, and Second year has had an educationally interesting (but unfortunately "dry" otherwise) field trip through Stelco in Hamilton.

The fourth to first instruction classes, which helped to give first Industrial the highest Christmas average last year, are underway again. It is hoped more first year men will take advantage of this opportunity to raise grades and lower the Christmas graduate rate.

Some of the events coming up in the future are the annual combined "Smoker and Hockey Tournament", Jan. 14, the Basketball Tournament Feb. 18, and the annual Eng. Bus-Industrial Dinner Mar. 18. For your own enjoyment and for the success of the club be sure to get in on these functions.

Soccer Crown Dropped

S.P.S. III played a two game, total goal series with St. Mike's "B" team. Skule playing three men short held St. Mike's to one goal in the first game. In the second game, Skule fielded a full team and won easily, 3-0. However St. Mike's had the Skule team disqualified on a technicality.

Jr. Skule:—This team was plagued by lack of interest from the freshmen. Some of the guys turned out for every game while all it needed to discourage the others was a shower of rain or a calculus lecture. The remarkable thing was that the guys who turned out every game did not need their P.T. credits.

The team finished out of the play-off.

Sr. S.P.S.: In the final five minutes of play of their last game, Senior Skule qualified for the play-off. Juan Atucha fired the winner with seconds left after Claus Doend had put Skule on even terms minutes before. Meds were the victims. In the first round of the play-off Skule beat Victoria, 4-0 on goals by J. Berkeley (1), Casey (1) and

ever-present Juan Atucha (2). In the semi-final Skule played the "mighty" team from St. Mike's. The Skulemen were "up" for this game and produced a fine team effort. Skule took the lead on Atucha's goal in the first period and went further ahead on a beautiful shot by Tommy Dearie. Skule's defence played a solid game as St. Mike's tried to even the score; particularly outstanding were Harvey Griggs and Vern Smith. As usual St. Mike's tried to win the game on a protest, claiming one of the Skulemen was ineligible. The protest was rejected.

Skule advanced to the finals vs Trinity. Disaster struck after 15 minutes. The game was tied 1-1 when Harvey Griggs had his leg fractured in a collision with a Trinity player. After Griggs was removed to hospital the Skule defence crumbled and Trinity won easily 8-1.

Sr. S.P.S. should not be ashamed of their efforts but they do feel low since most of the team graduates this year. In four years they have been finalists twice and failed to win.

Skule I's In Finals

The firsts are heading for the finals after handily defeating a fired-up S.P.S. II squad by a score of 10-4 in the semi-finals. The firsts gained the finals by ending the season in second place behind U.C. with a 5-3 won-loss record.

The real question is yet to be answered. Can the S.P.S. I's fight back under heavy odds and place the Dafee Cup in the halls of the Skule House? The answer will be known this week. Lawrence and Dawson were the regular goal scorers throughout the season and are heavily counted on to keep pace in goal production with Naylor and Co. from U.C. Bob Stager played reliable ball between the pipes. There are seven other guys on this team who are of utmost importance mainly for defensive work and who also pick up the odd goal or two.

Under the able coaching of Bobby Dawson a fine competitive club in the name of S.P.S. II's was rounded out. With a few talented first year men plus late cuts from the firsts, the seconds were the surprise team of the season. Finishing first in their league they went on to defeat St. Mike's A, the third place finishers in Group I, to enter the semi-finals.


After a slow start, the sixths caught fire in the last half of the season and through a determined team effort just fell short of a play-off berth, ending up third behind the seconds.

The thirds walked away from their league with 5 wins, one tie, and no losses. Again a complete team effort of hard checking and accurate shooting led the thirds to the playoffs where they forced a more experienced Dents team to the limit before bowing down 8-4.

The members of the fourths and fifths were just initiated to the lacrosse wars. Through poor league arrangements by the lacrosse sub-committee both teams faced too tough competition and as a result wins were few and far between.



Skuleman beats Trinity forward to draw.
Photo by Kicinski



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COMPLETE SUPPLIES FOR THE ENGINEERING STUDENT

Sportoike

By JIM THOMSON

A CLOSE LOOK AT THE AA

The SPS Athletic Association has as its main task, the running of a competitive athletic program (in conjunction with the UFAA) for the benefit of as many students as possible at Skule. A second aim is the winning of the Reed Trophy.

Despite the many advantages one gets by being elected to the Athletic Association Executive, there has been a good deal of trouble getting top organizers into the group. Those elected are almost always competent in the areas they choose to handle. But there has been an increasing tendency in the last couple of years for the executive to unload its duties on to various "commissioners" not on the committee. Four of Skule's seven major sports are handled in this manner this year — Soccer, Volleyball, Hockey, and Lacrosse.

This situation is not entirely the fault of the nine men on the executive, it is partly the fault of a poor organizational setup since only the President and Fourth year rep have jobs adequately defined by the constitution. The other seven members of the executive survey the list of jobs they want as individuals and give the rest of the jobs to students not on the executive.

The members of the executive will say "But nine men cannot handle the athletic affairs of nearly 2,000 students." But less than 800 Skulemen participate in athletics and I maintain that nine men can handle all athletic affairs around Skule.

If I am wrong, the executive itself should be expanded to ten or eleven members. But the main thing is that, except in very isolated cases, the executive members themselves should handle all athletic matters.

The reason is that the executive must act as a well-coordinated team, working together and helping each other out in order to give Skule the quality of athletic programme that it deserves (and pays for). Any commissioner not on the executive does not feel part of this team and so feels no particular allegiance to the executive and has no incentive to do a top flight job of organization other than on his own initiative which may or may not be adequate.

THE SOLUTION

This matter can only be changed by a constitution change. Instead of such useless and mean-nothing titles as "GTx representative" there should be such titles as "Football commissioner" and "basketball commissioner". Such positions as Vice-President, Secretary, and Director of Publicity and Publications should be re-organized and more rigorously defined by the constitution. A Skuleman running for a position on the Athletic Association Executive at election time in February would then run for a definite, specified position in which he is particularly interested.

At present there is a special committee set up to review another area of the constitution which badly needs revision, namely allotment of "S" points. I would urge the committee to look into a revision of that part of the constitution that deals with the organization of the executive.

Skule Seeks Sifton Cup

Before passing to a survey of the basketball situation as it will likely unfold, let it be said that Skule needs class basketball teams!!! We have a reservation in with the intramural office for 28 minor league teams and can probably get more. In addition, any team that feels itself good enough to play major league ball can probably get a team by phoning Jim Thomson at HU. 9-8404. The more teams we have, the more Reed Trophy points we get and the more Skulemen we get playing the biggest (and best) sport on campus.

This year, as last, Skule will have no less than 15 teams in the major league. This is over twice as many teams as the next biggest faculty or school, Victoria College. The teams will be called SR, SPS, JR, SPS, SPS A, SPS III, SPS B, SPS IV, SPS C, SPS V, etc. up to 15 teams. This is to avoid having a team called SPS P or SPS XV as well as for many other reasons. There will also be as many as 28 or more minor league class (or fraternity) teams as mentioned before.

Sr Skule has almost all of its first string finalist team back from last year, including Winter, Jaworski, Patterson, and Lawrence along with Pashkevych and Basadiu. This team should have won the intramural championship by a mile last year on paper but they were barely nosed out by a tremendously inspired UC I squad in a most exciting final. Sr Skule can be expected to win the Sifton Cup this year because, with the additions, will be a better balanced club than last year.

Opponents to Sr Skule in the senior league will be SPS A who are mostly second year men, Jerry Sigal, Andy Nigrini, Ed Rygiel and Lew Pbrast from last year's Jr Skule will be expected to lead the club under coach Bruce "Punchy" Barrett to a second place behind Sr Skule.

Thomson's Tales

The following are short anecdotes from many fields of sporting endeavour, many of which are "records" of one sort or another:

AT THE TRACK

It was "Long-shot" day at Tropical Park, Florida when, on December 29, 1937, Earl Porter won the first race and paid \$97.30 on a \$2.00 bill; Texas Tommy won the second at \$77.80; the daily double paid \$873.40 to \$2.00; the third race went to Geologist at \$55.60 and, in the sixth, Escoligh paid \$571 to \$2.00.

On successive days of April 22 and 23, the daily double at Bay Meadows, California, paid \$3,610 and \$3,935.20 on a \$2.00 bet.

In 1948, Battleship won the English Grand National at odds of 40 to 1 and Barbadeche took the Bickerstaffe Plate at 55 to 1. It was soon found that only one man had a 10 shilling ticket (\$2.50) on this doubles competition. The net pool was \$25,310 and the unidentified gentleman presented his single ticket and collected at odds of a little better than 10,000 to 1.

The highest diver of all time was a Solomon Islander, Alex Wickham, who, in 1918, hit the water from a height of 205 feet, 9 inches.

In Wales, some athletes pass the time of day by playing a "sport" called Purring. It brings together two men in a test of shin resistance. Each wears heavy boots and, with heads together and hands on shoulders, they proceed to kick. The first to cry out or break away is the loser.

In 1935, Constance Free, of Chicago, walked 408 feet on her hands. She was only 10 years old.

The U.S. Military Academy football team in 1949 was playing Fordham. Army got three touchdowns in four minutes and, after the second score, Jack Mackinnell, Army's kicking specialist, stepped back to boot the extra point. But on the play, an Army player belted a Fordham player and Army were penalized 15 yards. Mackinnell again made it good from the 23, but again Army was penalized. From the 39 now, Mack missed, but Fordham was called offside. Back at the 24, Mack missed again, but a Fordham infraction gave him a fifth try from the 11, and he made it.

Eugene Chinault, 41, of Memphis, Tenn., set a modern record in the annual National Cotton Picking Contest, when, in 1946, he picked 109 pounds in two hours, winning himself \$1,000.00.

In a basketball game on March 10, 1936, between House of David and Wesleyan (of Tennessee), "Tiny" Reichert, House of David centre, was 8 ft., 1 inch in height, while opposing him was "Pee Wee" Pruett, 4 ft. 4 inches tall.

In a 1950 National Basketball Association playoff game between Syracuse and New York, a total of 88 fouls were called, with six players from each team fouling out.

In May 1936, Joan Kemp, 15, a student at Pulaski Heights High School, Little Rock, Arkansas, threw a basketball 101 ft. 7½ inches.

Moms Learn About Skule

The newly-formed Ladies' Auxiliary under the leadership of Mrs. J. F. McGibbon is making slow but definite progress. The membership is pushing the century mark and constantly expanding.

At present the Auxiliary has a serious problem. When it first started out eight months ago, it was given a large coffee-maker with a seventy cup capacity by Canada Packers. The only provision was that the organization


pay for it with five thousand labels from Canada Packer products. A campaign to raise these labels through faculty wives has fallen short by four thousand. An extended deadline expires at the end of the month.

Toike Oike appeals to the families of the students and faculty to help the Auxiliary out of their predicament. Labels and wrappers from Domestic, York, and Maple Leaf products are needed. If you can help, please contact Mrs. McGibbon.

Membership drives are beginning. Anyone interested in learning more about the group can reach Mrs. McGibbon at HU. 9-0255.

"YEAH! IT'S ENOUGH TO DRIVE YOU UP THE WALL."





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INTERVIEW

ALL FINAL YEAR UNDERGRADUATES INTERESTED IN PERMANENT EMPLOYMENT IN THE AIR FORCE

21st, 22nd and 23rd January

APPOINTMENTS MAY BE MADE THROUGH YOUR UNIVERSITY PLACEMENT OFFICE

AF-50-310



ROYAL CANADIAN AIR FORCE

SPS Aquamen Stun Opponents At Meet

For the first time in three years Skule finally won a swimming meet. After coming second four times in a row a sturdy group of fifteen, consisting mostly of fellows who had been on all the second place teams, managed to run away with the meet by winning six of the nine events and coming second in one other. The main reason we did not place in the other events was that we had no one entered in them.

Aided by freshman Marv Chapelle who won the 50 and the 100 yard freestyle events, setting records in both, and was a member of the winning medley relay team. Skule amassed a total of 78 points to win out over Trinity and U.C.

Another three time winner was our old standby Kirk Thompson who swam on both relays and then won the 200 yard freestyle. The 200 yard freestyle win is enhanced by the fact that it was only two events after the medley relay in which he swam backstroke.

First year was not to be outdone; six of the twelve finalists were from this year. Fellows who deserve credit are Pete Ravves, Al Vida, Rhodes, Morwick and Sandtner, who won the diving. These fellows swam on the SPS "B" relay teams and never finished further back than fifth. In the next meet we hope to have some winners in this group.

A special thanks is extended to the regulars who are always good for one or two wins each, Ernie Wilson, Walt Michael, John Harper, and Geoff Quaid.

Before Thursday this article was going to be a blast at the lack of response to this meet but since we won I cannot bring myself to any real anger. However, I hope that the meet in the spring

will be more successful as far as entries are concerned.

With any kind of a representation we cannot help but win. If fifteen can easily win then surely thirty could dominate the meet.

Let's see some new faces come January.

Water Soccer Teams Prime For Schedule

The second term brings forth one of the best games played in this University. Interfaculty water-polo starts on January 11, 1960. This sport offers to the freshman an easy way to earn his second term credits.

The schedule consists of six games which are played at lunch and after school so as not to interfere with classes. The games are short, only twenty minutes long with substitution at every goal. This means that even a poor swimmer will not get completely exhausted.

On the athletic notice board in the Skule House, there is a list for all those who are interested to sign. Every year we have had six teams in the league but we can still put in more if there are enough names. In order to have seven teams we must have seventy names since we lose points for every team we enter and cannot fill.

Therefore, if you want to play waterpolo next term your name must be on the list before Friday of this week or you stand the chance of not playing.

Every year in almost every sport we have people come down to our office in the basement of

SENIORS DROP PLAYOFFS



Senior Skule ball-carrier skirts around right end for a gain against Meds in the playoffs. The team won this game but unfortunately was then defeated by Vic in the semi-finals.

Photo by Stabins

the Skule House and ask to have a team entered after the deadline for entries. Then they wonder why we cannot put their team in the league.

With almost 2,000 men in SPS the nine men on the athletic association cannot possibly talk to each person individually. This is why we have a notice board opposite the Engineering Stores in the hope that nearly everyone will pass at one time or another.

The intramural sports program is so large that to enter a team after the deadline means altering the entire schedule which if done for every sport and every college would be a task that would require a staff the size of the total enrolment of the University. However, each college is usually allowed one floating team which

must be filled or withdrawn within a limited number of days, usually five, or suffer a fine.

This means that you have until this Friday to enter. If you want more information, call Howie Nobert, OX. 1-7958 or come down to the athletic office.

In order to understand the game at little better why not come out and see the Intercollegiate Finals between Toronto and McGill on Sat. Dec 12, at 7:30 p.m., at Hart House. This is an athletic night so there will be several other sports being played also.

HOCKEY BITS

The interfaculty hockey season at Varsity Arena is now three weeks old, and if the scores coming in at this early date are any indication of the hockey aspirations of SPS this season, then the eight teams representing us should provide plenty of colour and excitement for the many devout

SPS fans taking in these noon-hour games (two last game).

How about it sports? There's a lot of good hockey being played up at the arena and a lot of fellas are trying hard to bring SPS hockey fame, but they need a little moral support, so why not try relaxing a bit by taking in a noon-hour game.

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Application Forms: Available at Engineering Society Store, Mechanical Building Library, or from the undersigned. Fees accepted by the Secretary of the Department of Mechanical Engineering (Miss Brown) or the undersigned. (Renewal forms are yellow; new application forms are white.)

L. E. JONES, P.Eng.,
Recording Secretary,
(Dept. of Mechanical Engineering).